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FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

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MEMBER:
Associated Press.
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Whether or not to buy more coal—that's one of the perplexing problems just now in many a Kansas household.
Somebody will soon be rising to remark that "there ain't no such thing" as sunny Kansas, and not without some reason.

It will be justifiable homicide in Kansas from now on to slay on the spot anybody who may attempt to rhapsodize on "Snow, snow, beautiful snow."

To carry Mr. Bryan's idea a step further, suggests the Chicago Herald, why wouldn't it bring peace to Mexico if all the Mexicans would pack up and leave the country?

At any rate, according to the wise men who fixed the limits for the four seasons of the year, Spring will arrive next Sunday officially, or theoretically, if not in fact.

Another significant feature of the great European war is that each of the belligerents has suffered enormous losses without any of them having made any gains worth while.

Lord Kitchener would probably have a pretty difficult time in convincing the men who have passed the winter in the trenches in France and Belgium that the war will not really begin until May.

With two British and two French warships on patrol off the Virginia capes, the German commerce destroyer, the Prinz Eitel Friedrich, apparently faces the dilemma of either intermingling at Newport News or going to the bottom of the sea.

Professional crop killers in Kansas are up against a tough proposition in respect to the forthcoming wheat crop. Their only hope is a plague of Hessian flies or green bugs, so favorable have been the climatic conditions for wheat.

After all, it's the man behind the gun that makes the army. The Turks have been schooled in German military methods this long while. And yet the Turkish forces are as lines of straw compared with the soldiers of Germany.

Another feminine frailty is in evidence on the streets these days. Most of the women who are able to be possessed of new spring suits insist on wearing and showing them off regardless of what the weather conditions may be.

Rare wisdom, because of its face-saving possibilities, is being shown by the authorities at Washington in their decision to keep secret the length of time that the German rover, the Prinz Eitel Friedrich, is to be permitted to remain at Newport News. And there are probably some mean-dispositioned folk who will interpret this news as indicative that the Eitel, Friedrich will stay in its snug harbor just as long as it pleases.

American business is evidently paramount to American blood with the Watchful Waiters at Washington. The most vigorous representations that they have sent to the mad men of Mexico concern, not the brutal murder of American citizens there, but the keeping open of Mexican ports so that the export of sisal hemp shall not be interfered with. The supply of binding twine in this country is largely dependent upon this Mexican product.

Democratic economy in practice doesn't compare very favorably with the dissertations and promises on this important subject that add so much verbal strength to Democratic national platforms. The appropriations of the congress just ended reach the staggering total of \$2,231,000,000. This is \$119,000,000 greater than was the record-breaking appropriations of the last congress, when the Democrats were also in control; and no less than \$177,000,000 larger than was appropriated by the last congress ruled by Republicans, the indefensible extravagance of whom is charged so freely by Democratic spellbinders and platform makers. What an expensive joke on the people the pretensions of the politicians have become!

FINANCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

"The activity in investment circles is so marked, evidence of financial improvement is underdone," writes Henry Clews, the New York banker in his current weekly financial review, and he continues: "There has been a much larger absorption of securities by American investors than is generally appreciated; proving that the home buying power is still very considerable, notwithstanding business reaction and declining dividends. Of both stocks and bonds there has been good buying, especially of bonds. The supply has come from foreign sellings as well as from new local offerings, all of which have been taken with surprising readiness. Foreign liquidation has really been more pronounced than at any time since the reopening of the Stock Exchange, and much of the selling was on German account, which must be expected from this source. The time to come. There was also an increase of selling on British account, although the movement from this source has not yet assumed importance. The most striking evidence of financial improvement, however, was the prompt taking of new loans in this market. The New York state loan of \$27,000,000 4 1/4 per cent brought 103.45; a decidedly better price than expected, yielding 4.3 per cent. The Swiss loan of \$15,000,000 6 per cent was also promptly taken on a basis yielding 5 3/8 per cent; a showing which may attract other foreign offerings. It is also known that the German, Italian and Uruguayan governments have been procuring funds in one form or another in this market, and the report still persists that Great Britain will secure large credits in this market. As has been stated in these pages, New York is now the only free money market of importance in the world, and these new movements are bound to have an important future effect. When the war is over other nations will again go to the large European reservoirs of capital for their needs, but the effect of these new ventures upon Americans will be educational, since it will widen the horizon of our bankers, investors and business men, and hasten the day when the United States will take a more prominent part in international, financial and commercial affairs."

"The money market continues easy, mainly because of slackened commercial requirements, the rates for time money and commercial paper being lower even than a year ago at this time. The surplus bank reserves are large, amounting to \$129,000,000. There have been no further gold imports this week, although our merchandise exports continue to show a heavy excess over imports. Foreign exchange is unsettled, with rates showing a downward tendency owing to persistent reports that foreign governments intend to establish large credits on this side. There has been a decided increase in the supply of financial bills resulting from transactions of the Swiss, German and Italian governments. The supply of commercial bills is also abundant, owing to the violent changes in the character of our export trade. Shipments of food products continue on a very liberal scale, being quite sufficient to offset the declines in cotton, oils, lumber, etc. There has also been a very large increase in the shipments of steel manufactures and munitions of war. The continued excess of exports, which is being accelerated by a heavy decline in imports, is rapidly turning the United States into a creditor nation. The debt which Sir George Paish referred to last autumn has already been paid, and instead Europe is getting more and more into our debt. We are steadily buying less and selling more as a result of the war. Our interest payments, which used to be about \$350,000,000 annually, will be reduced by the return of securities. The remittances by allies to their friends in Europe, which were large in the aggregate, have been cut down materially. American tourists usually spend over \$200,000,000 a year in Europe, and this outflow will be stopped this season. Our ocean freight bill, usually about \$50,000,000 annually, will be smaller, because we only pay the freight on imports. If tendencies continue our foreign indebtedness will steadily diminish. European capital is thus withdrawn from the United States, and will probably not return in haste, because of the high rates it will command there when war ends and reconstruction begins. The war is revolutionizing our financial relations with Europe, and will leave us financially independent of the former degree than ever before. Our present loans are of great significance, and are long the American manufacturer will be doing effective team work together in the world's market. This means also new fields for the American investor, who is becoming weary of the obstructive tactics of home politicians."

"The war makes slow and gloomy progress. Before very long Constantinople is expected to fall into the hands of the allies. This will be one of the most decisive events of the war, and is bound to have important consequences. It will give Russia the much-coveted access all the year into Southern seas, and will promptly relieve the present congestion of wheat and oil supplies in the Black sea. This means the strengthening of Russia financially; also cheaper wheat for the world, over. As for the end of the war, that does not yet appear to be in sight. A military deadlock exists on the continent which can not be broken without terrific loss of life on both sides. It would seem as if nothing short of military, financial and economic exhaustion on one side or the other would really end the war. At the moment these contingencies do not appear to be close at hand, and maybe some months will ensue before they can be actually reached, unless returning reason and outside pressure should bring the struggle to a pause earlier than now seems likely."

"The business situation continues unsatisfactory. The volume of trade is still running below normal. Economy is the rule in every direction and consumption is checked. Money is being saved, while enterprise and initiative are restrained by fear. Our railroads are doing less business than a year ago, as demonstrated by the increase in idle cars. The steel industry is somewhat more active, but production is not gaining as rapidly as desired, although the export outlet shows gratifying gains. In the textile field there is a better feeling. The distribution is generally widening and mill owners are less perplexed by raw material and labor problems than a year ago. In spite of these drawbacks, there is reason to maintain moderately hopeful views. Spring is at hand, and with it comes starting of construction work and general sectional activity. Collectively our business situation is exceptionally sound. Spring is usually a season of hopefulness, and were it not for the war, a decided recovery would probably set in. In view, however, of the present uncertainty as to ending of the struggle, the disposition is to maintain a conservative policy in all business transactions."

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Journal Entries

People who are wrapped up in themselves are likely to be cold.

The girls who don't believe in early marriages are generally of mature years.

Love is occasionally so foolish that it will even ignore the high cost of living.

Some folk, who cannot properly be classed as savages, are prone to take great delight in torturing others.

When a man sets out for the particular purpose of scaling the heights of renown he usually falls down.

Jayhawker Jots

According to Maria Peacock of the Leavenworth Times, the only time she has been in the city lately is when they are at the keyhole.

More about the boys' orchestra at Erie, this time from the Erie Record: Fifteen local lads have organized an orchestra, and they say that when the section of instruments was being made, twelve insisted on playing the slide trombone.

A great big corn crop is due in Kansas, predicts the Douglas Tribune. It has been a number of years since an old-fashioned bumper corn crop has been enjoyed by Kansas farmers. The well-soaked soil gives favorable promise for a good start.

Advice for girls from the Kiowa Journal: My young lady reader, if you are looking for your prince, just test his home conduct before you accept him. Don't be guided in your selection of instruments was being made, twelve insisted on playing the slide trombone.

How a recent Saturday's shopping was spoiled in Mankato by slippery sidewalks is described by the Mankato Advocate, as follows: Saturday's sleet sure spread some slippery slickness. Streets, sidewalks, steps, scenery, choice of select skating spots. Slippery? S-a-y, slippery seems scarcely sufficiently strong statement. Simply surprisingly slick. See some stylishly sedate Saturday shoppers stepping softly, shyly storeward, selecting seemingly safe stepping spots; suddenly she stops, seems startled, slightly scared, scans street swiftly, staggers, sways—selects sidewalk seating space, screaming softly, scattering shopping sundries, shows surprise. Slick sidewalks, shoes, stockings, stockings simultaneously. Slippery streets, slick sidewalks sure spoiled Saturday's shopping.

Globe Sights

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

A grouch always imagines he is a great disciplinarian.

No man has much sense in the moonlight if there is a woman present. There are also the men who are disposed to make their life work.

Some men would forget their kin if it were not for the rows they have with them.

The average smoking cat ought to be caught to cure the tobacco habit, but it isn't.

A homeseeker's excursion is a farmer's favorite excuse for getting away from home.

It is also our political observation that a receptive candidate doesn't get much of a reception.

In a small town where one rich man helps a local institution the other rich men of the place fight it.

Electricity travels much faster than a messenger boy, who also plays a part in telegraphic communications.

Your sympathy may not be much of a help in a fight, as the under dog must not let his sympathy be a hindrance.

A man who never lets pleasure interfere with his business hasn't much business or pleasure, as the case may be.

Meeting a boyhood friend after years of separation is also apt to be listed among the disappointments of this vale of tears.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]
Two-thirds of our troubles are imaginary.

Some people are proud of their ignorance.

Waiting works wonders—if you work hard while waiting.

Gas is used in pulling teeth and selling minor stocks.

It's the man who doesn't want credit who has a good rating.

Life is a burden to some people and some others are a burden to life.

A man may call a woman an angel and she may never had seen an angel.

A woman's idea of a picture hat is one that reminds a man of a chromo.

The best sermon is one that goes over your head and hits the other chap.

When an experienced parlor maid has spent her savings she can grab a broom and raise some more dust.

Often wonder why men who boast of the splendid positions they have been offered them continue to hold down the same old ten a week job.

It might be well to remember that good advice has a monetary value. It is the other kind that is handed out by those running a gift enterprise.

On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Don't Be a Crab.

Boost and the world boosts with you. Knock and you're on the shelf. For the world gets sick of one who'll kick.

And wishes he'd kick himself.

Boost and the world boosts with you. Boost when it starts to rain.

If you happen to fall, don't lie there and bawl.

But get up and boost again.

Uncle Abner.

A calf walked into the postoffice during the absence of the postmaster the other day and chewed up a lot of mail that had come by parcel post. The postmaster is holding the calf until he gets orders from the government.

Fire of unknown origin started in Uncle Ezra Harkins' whiskers last Saturday afternoon, and the north side of them was almost entirely consumed before Wide Awake Hose company got on the job. Uncle Ezra is very bitter in his criticism of the fire department, for its laggardly way of attending to business. There was no insurance.

Len Higgins allows as how the best substitute for work that kin be found is to marry a dressmaker.

Oh, Well!

The following item appears in one of the Michigan papers:

"Friends of Mrs. Susan Keene will be glad to know she is recovering slowly."

"A Fool There Was."

Western man has entered suit against his savages, for damages for the loss of his wife's speech. This is no joke, but a fact, and the court records will show it.

The Retort Discourteous.

Husband—"I hope I have made myself plain."

Wife—"That was entirely unnecessary. Nature did it for you."

Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

Roots.

"I will study and get ready and maybe my chance will come."

—Abraham Lincoln.

The bulbs that I put down in the cellar to get ready for the winter, brought up stairs. They sit in the sunlight now and are sending their pale green shoots up towards the sun.

The daily development of these roots, as everyone knows, is beautiful to watch, but beneath the surface of the water is another miracle of growth which, though it usually wins less attention, somehow fascinates me. While the bulbs were down cellar waiting for the chance to grow upwards, they were very busy striking down into the water dozens of exquisite little silver roots. For every stalk there are at least a dozen roots, and these roots are growing about the bowl, twining around the pebbles, holding the bulbs upright and seeking out nourishment for them.

Busy little silver roots, reaching out to the call of the sun, would not make the slender green blades carrying the flowers-to-be sheltered between them, grow upward.

One of the fascinations of studying and watching for the natural sequence. The evening of the young man's arrival was spent in his room. The next one found him at a theater. He entered with fear and trembling. He was rather surprised that at least six actresses were not on hand to welcome him. Such were in the play on the stage acted with just as much propriety, and he quickly observed that they were far better looking than those of the audience.

"Oh, my rich people here and nice people!" said young Frayne to himself, as he looked the house over. "I wonder what father and mother are so down on actresses for."

And for the next year, except when his father visited Chicago, it was always two nights a week he was there, and sometimes three, and then the young man had an actress pointed out to him on the street or in a restaurant, but he thought them more reserved than any other class. It was months before he happened to be introduced to one, and then by accident and not by her stage name. They had a few minutes' talk and though her face and voice seemed familiar, it was when he saw her on the stage again that he fully identified her.

Young Frayne had good society backing, and the more he talked with people of social standing about theatricals, the more he was convinced at the opinions held by his parents. It was at a gathering of distinction that he again met Miss Bell, and they talked together long enough to become quite well acquainted.

It was then that the young man learned from her own lips that he had met her, the actress, in the city, and he chattered away over him, nor did he find himself gasping for breath. He found her not only winsome but broad-minded and well educated and well posted.

"And ever since my boyhood I have been taught to dread them," he said to himself as he walked home that night.

His father and mother arranged that when he had had his summer vacation, they should go away together, and one day in July found them at a Lakeside hotel. A day or two later brought Miss Bell. Though she had no idea that he was there, there were guests that knew her, and people were discussing her before young Frayne had had time to present himself. It came from his father and mother first.

"Well," said the former as the trio sat by themselves, "we were given to understand that this was a select hotel."

"They seem very nice people," replied young Frayne.

"You don't mean that a lot of foreigners have arrived?"

"I mean that at least one actress has arrived, and the guests are gathering around her like flies about sugar."

"Mercy me!"

"I believe that most of the theatrical people take a summer vacation," said Harry in a voice he tried to make careless.

"But to come here," gasped the mother.

"Perhaps it is only to pay a call on some one, hopefully observed the father."

"Did you learn the name of the actress who has set the hotel alflut-

TO AN ANCIENT HEAD OF APHRODITE. Solitary as a falling star. The young man's confusion betrayed him. He knew that being acquainted with an actress would be accounted a deadly sin in the eyes of his parents. The mother's look was one of pity and censure, and the father looked as stern as a judge about to sentence a murderer as he demanded.

"Harry, do you know this person?"

"If it is Miss Bell, the actress of the city, then I know her," was the reply. "Have you been to the theater in Chicago?"

"Plenty of times."

"You were introduced to this person—by whom?"

"By my hestess at a fashionable function. Miss Bell is received in the best society."

"They must have queer society in Chicago," said the mother.

"You have disobeyed me, sir!" exclaimed the father, "and you must take the consequences."

With that father and mother went away to talk the affair over by themselves.

Could they hire a Blackhand to blow Harry up with a bomb, and perhaps the actress with him? Could he take a ship abroad and find a bound for China, and given time to repent before he returned?

To think that their Harry—Harry Frayne—who had been his up to say his prayers—to have his Sunday school lessons dead-letter perfect—to obey his father in everything—to think this boy of theirs had not only attended a theater, but had become "mashed" on an actress, and would become her prey. When they reflected on this, they found themselves cast into desolation.

In this condition of mind they went out for a stroll along the shore of the lake. As other guests were strolling, too, and as they did not find the scenery desired, they entered a boat and pushed out a few rods from shore.

Mr. Frayne knew as much about handling a rowing boat as he did about the stage, and as he finally picked up the oars to row a little man, he wobbled and rocked and dipped, and as he was receiving a heap of gratuitous advice from twenty different persons, it turned turtle and over they went in water ten feet deep.

There was no other boat handy, and as no man among those on the bank wanted to wet his summer suit and be called a hero, there would have been a tragedy but for a lady coming back in a boat alone after a row across the lake. With their dozen swift strokes she reached the victims as they rose to the surface together, and a hand held either up until help could come.

Was the lady Miss Bell, the actress, who had made prey of the son, and was now inconsistent enough to save the parents?

It was a triumphant procession to the hotel. It was Miss Bell, the actress, who acted as first aid to Mrs. Frayne and general adviser to the husband, and at the end of two hours both patients were doing as well as could be expected. In fact, they were doing better. They had thanked the rescuer over and over again, although aware of her profession, and now they were saying to Harry, who had been taking a long walk, "I used to the feeling of being disowned."

There isn't one woman in a thousand who could have been as cool about it as Miss Bell, and she seems a perfect lady in every respect."

"But why shouldn't she be?" asked Harry with some irritation. "I must tell you both that people will think it you two who need reforming a bit."

"Harry," said the father, "I'm not going to disown you."

"Thanks, father."

Timmy Graytail Decides to Help the Spring.

All day long a snow storm raged. One of the sputtery, flourishy spring snow storms that begin and end so unexpectedly that no one can tell much about them.

And for the next year, except when his father visited Chicago, it was always two nights a week he was there, and sometimes three, and then the young man had an actress pointed out to him on the street or in a restaurant, but he thought them more reserved than any other class. It was months before he happened to be introduced to one, and then by accident and not by her stage name. They had a few minutes' talk and though her face and voice seemed familiar, it was when he saw her on the stage again that he fully identified her.

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